

NEW COLLEGE WEBSITE UNVEILED
Visit hamilton.tumblr.com

ADMINISTRATION THRILLED
THAT NATIONAL SEXUAL
MISCONDUCT CONVERSATION
DOES NOT INCLUDE COLLEGES
Breathes premature sigh of relief

By Mr. Baize '18
SOMEBODY ELSE'S DEPT.
(OFF CAMPUS) In the wake of Donald Trump's comments about sexually assaulting women and the subsequent accusations of sexual misconduct leveled at the candidate, members of Hamilton's administration revealed this week its relief that, for once, the ensuing national conversation about sexual assault did not involve any type of higher education institution.

Dean of Passively Mishandling Student Affairs Silius Whole commented on the situation. "Not gonna lie, when I woke up and saw that CNN had some panelists discussing the high number of unreported sexual assaults, I really thought this was shaping up to be a long week, especially right after we had just about weathered that whole HSMB report kerfuffle," he said. "So needless to say, I was pretty goddamn relieved when I saw it was about our transdimensional clusterfuck of a presidential

PROFESSOR AUDITS OWN COURSE
Doesn't want it to affect his GPA

By Mr. Lane '20
INSTITUTIONAL IMPROV DEPT.
(ROOT HALL SILVERFISH COLONY) Comparative Literature professor Richard Kellerman is exploring a revolutionary new teaching style: auditing the class he is teaching.

"They asked me to teach Post-Romanticism & 20th-Century European Politics this year, and I said to myself, 'Hey, that sounds pretty interesting, but not interesting enough for me to actually put any work into it.' Once September rolled around and I still hadn't done any background research or read any of the course material, I decided I'd just show up to Root 203 twice a week and give the vague impression that I knew what I was doing," Kellerman said.

Kellerman laid out his strategy: "Usually, if you start off class with a really broad question," he said. "You can disguise the fact that you're completely unprepared. I'll just hit my students with something like 'What similarities does Hemingway share with Genghis Khan?' or 'Is Virginia Woolf's writing style

election instead of the many sexual misconduct cases that happen on campuses nationwide each year." Second Assistant to the Vice Dean of Feigned Administrative Sympathy Kate Afka appeared sympathetic to how awful the situation remains.

"I mean, it's just terrible. We have a misogynistic dinosaur running around trying to justify sexual assault and intimidating those who speak out against him," she said. "And it's, you know, good that we're discussing it as a nation and stuff. It's just even better that we're doing so without bringing college culture into the mix."

As Co-Associate Provost Emeritus of College Spin Artistry William Dollard explained the situation. "Don't bring me into this." "As far as I'm concerned, this was only ever a visibility issue. So if this particular instance is about Cheeto Hitler and not us, then there goes our sexual assault problem! Looks like our work here is done, folks," he concluded before disappearing in a cloud of smoke and prospective tuition bills.

more morally repugnant than the Armenian Genocide? and that will carry an entire class period."

Kellerman's students seemed, by and large, content with his performance. "He's a very hands-off professor," Creative Writing Michaela King '18 said. "He fosters a lot of class discussion."

Others, however, seemed somewhat more concerned. "You know how a lot of professors will say they learn more from us than we do from them?" asked a sophomore who asked to remain anonymous. "Well, I think that's definitely true for Kellerman. Last week, he stopped class halfway through to ask us 'What is Post-Romanticism?' I think a lot of the kids thought he was really deep, but I'm not sure he actually knows what Post-Romanticism is."

Kellerman, for his part, seemed greatly unconcerned. When asked if the administration might not approve of his newfound teaching style, he simply laughed. "What the fuck would they be able to do about it?" he asked. "I got tenure ten years ago."



REPORT: MEAGHAN IS SO DONE
WITH YOUR SHIT

You fucked up for the last time
By Ms. Alatalo '18
INTERPERSONAL RELATIONS DEPT.
(END OF THE LINE, BITCH) As of early this Wednesday, Meaghan O'Hara '18 is absolutely done with your shit. Though records show this is not the first time she has made such a declaration, it absolutely is the last.




Recent scans of social media metadata reveal that Meaghan has unfollowed you on Twitter, Instagram, and Tumblr. If you thought she was kidding when she said she would unfriend you on Facebook after you stood her up for Power Yoga last Tuesday, you should think again. Just check. Reports indicate Meaghan has a long history of putting up with your bull. When asked what events precipitated this most recent break in contact, witnesses cited that time you left her hanging at the Annex. According to their statements, you left her standing forlornly between a bro who looked and smelled more like a football than boy and a keg producing sad spurts of beer.

Meaghan's roommate Ashley Yates '18 confirmed the allegations. "That was totally uncool. You ditched her for that girl from your chem lab with the uneven bangs without a word or even a blurry Snapchat with your Bitmoji giving a thumbs up. And she only agreed to wear that risky fishnet cropped jumpsuit because you were going to wear yours too." And multiple sources claim they hardly need remind you of the time you hooked up with Mikhail Germane '17 after Meaghan explicitly told you she thought he was hot.


Evidence also shows that she's not really mad at you—she's just disappointed. Disappointed that you're living such a childish, petty existence and that you'll just never be on her level anymore, now that she's done with you. And the drama. She's so done with the drama.

"I'm so done with it," she confirmed. She's ready to move on with her life, and early polls show she's already feeling "way better without that toxic relationship dragging her down anymore." [Editor's note: at the time of publication, Meaghan submitted a Facebook friend request to your account. It remains unclear whether this was purposeful or just a slip of her finger as she hate-scrolled through your feed.]

In this issue: Just things to look at

HOGWARTS AT HAMILTON FORECAST	9 P.M.	10 P.M.	10:30 P.M.
	LeviOsa?  80% chance Butterbeer is just butter in beer.	LeviosA??  High probability more popular than Durmstrang at Dartmouth.	Fuck this  "Keep Dobby a free elf—don't vote for Trump."

R.A.R.E. PRESENTS NIGHTSHIFT:
The best and last Annex concert you'll ever hear



See "What? I can't hear you," pg. > 150 dB

VOICEMAILS FROM MOM
You might want to call her back.



"I heard about the fight between you and your brother. Only 7 points? I thought I raised you to hit harder."

ASSHOLE EDITORIAL: WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU CARRYING A CLINTON POTTERY MUG AROUND WITH YOU, YOU SHITHEAD?

By Mr. Burns '17

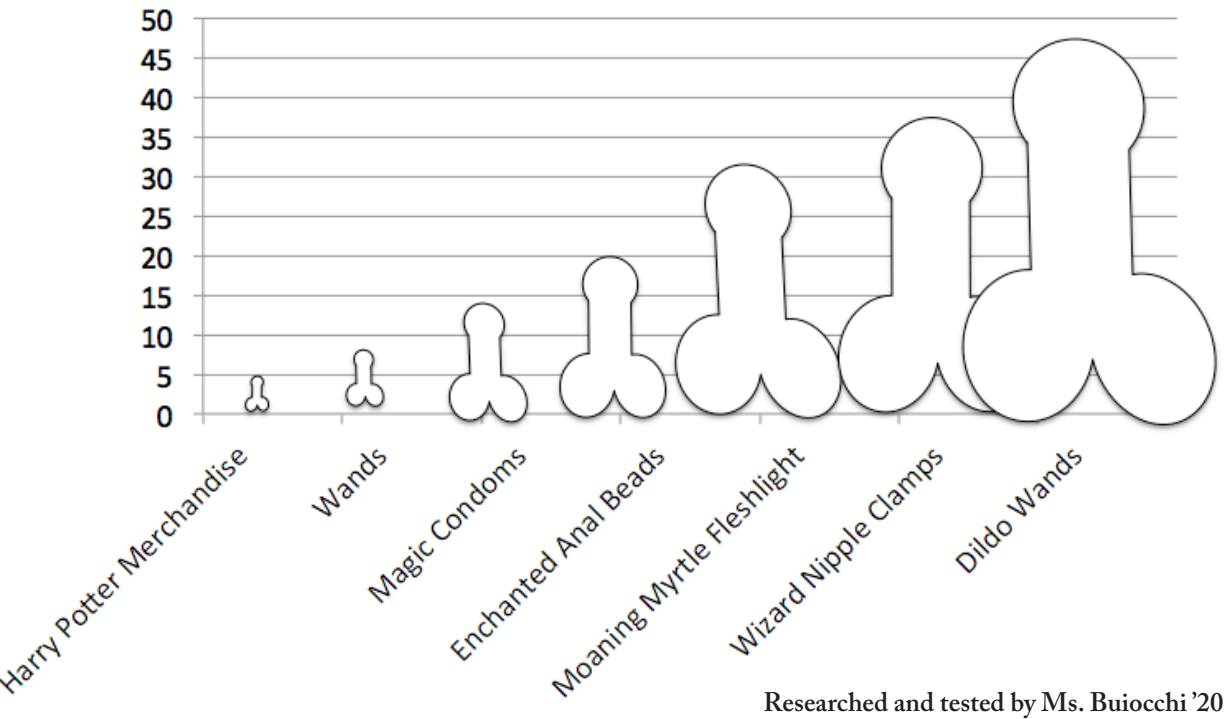
As a senior at Hamilton, I've seen a lot of stupid shit. I remember the cowboy hat craze of '13. I remember when the newest style was making your pubic hair in the shape of a handlebar mustache, and the streaking team was full of balls that looked like Charlie Chaplin. I remember when people stopped drinking alcohol just to be different (but that one stopped pretty quickly). I lived in Brooklyn over the summer, and I still didn't want to smack a hipster as much as I do when I walk around the Dark Side. But, even I can't believe the ridiculousness of the newest craze on the hill—carrying around Clinton pottery mugs everywhere you go.

I have one question for people who are doing this—*why*? And no, sustainability is not an answer—you can afford a fucking thermos. And you can drink more water from a shallow puddle than you can from that shot-glass-sized shitbowl.

Just admit that you're doing this because of the “aesthetic,” because it fits with your “brand” as zany and different and earthy and Opus-buying. I can't stand watching all of these people I used to respect dance around with their ceramic pisspots like juniors who just joined the Co-Op. You think you're better than me because you sip from the clay rim at McEwen while you review the schedule for your art show on Sunday (which is really just different sized boxes—that's all any art show is!).

And then here's the thing that really fucks my fricatives—what happens when one of those pottery mugs dangling off your backpack straps falls? A fucking reckoning is coming, my friends, and it's not just the revelation that you can't grow a beard. I just hope I'm there the day that the floor in Commons is full of ceramic shards, and the shrugs of the masses turn to a hundred cries of “Oh, fuck.”

Most In-Demand Props for Hogwarts at Hamilton 2016



Researched and tested by Ms. Buiocchi '20

THE EFFECTS OF INTEGRATING CRUSTACEANS WITH COGNITIVE PROCESS ENHANCED DNA INTO COMMONS DINING HALL

A senior thesis designed to see how students react to an absurd amount of intelligent sea creatures

Day 1: As expected, there was a high casualty rate. Of the 300 krill, 65 crabs, and 15 lobsters released at floor level from the Commons Dining Hall loading bay, 213 krill, 15 crabs and 2 lobsters were accidentally stepped upon. The remaining crustaceans have taken to locations where no students go like the corners, second floor bathrooms, and on top of the hand sanitizer dispenser.

Day 2: Bon Appétit employees reported that all the dishes that came through the conveyor belt were already spotless. At one point, a rather bold krill crawled on table and stared at a student until given food. Realizing they did not have to look for food if they could mooch off students, hundreds of krill started swarming students. Several patrons fled the dining hall with tiny sea creatures in hot pursuit.

Day 3: Societies appear to be forming. The krill population has taken to breeding the fastest and strongest lobsters and are riding them around the floor like horses. They ride to the conveyor belt to harvest scraps and ferry the scraps back to feed their pastures of crabs. Much to the surprise of diners, these pastures turned out to be the fruit infused water tanks by the soup bar. Many students are now familiar with the phrase “crab got your tongue?”

Day 4: Conflict has broken out between different clans of crustaceans. The incumbent leaders of the krill clans took to war with a rebellious group of independent krill. A number of students with Russian Studies majors have a new found interest in these crustaceans. One chitin-clad specimen of the rebel faction scuttled up to the top of a napkin basket, clicked rapidly until it possessed its fellow creatures' attention, and proceeded to give a speech to his entourage:

“skkt chtikkitk. Shkittliktit tikittliktik. Kikit tikittkittik. Skit skit tiskitttik! [sic]”

In hindsight, it should have been expected that crustaceans, lacking labial linguistic likeness, would not have spoken English.

Day 5: Found congregation of now fully sentient crustaceans on top of the walk-in refrigerators, apparently using the refrigerators' exhaust as mock volcanic vents. Houses made from bent forks, street lamps made from seized Christmas lights, and parks made from kale from the salad bar were found. Upon further inspection, the crustaceans were found to have produced self-sustaining energy generators, renewable food sources, gyms that don't bother including cardio machines and other technologies vastly more advanced than our own.

Keeping with popular demand, however, they all had to be terminated. While they were a marvel of modern genetics and could have technologically eclipsed humans and solved many of the world's crises, they were the ones who have been stealing all the forks and they just plainly have no place in society.

Unfortunately set into motion by Mr. Dickinson '18

LEARN FROM MY MISTAKE: THE VT IS NOT VERMONT

Last weekend, after a series of significant misinterpretations, Perry Patetic '20 found himself in the wrong place at the wrong time. This is the record of his misadventures.

Friday 1:00 P.M.

I heard some upperclassmen talking about “turning up at the VT” tonight. If I learned anything from middle school geography, besides the fact that Arkansas is pronounced like that, it's that VT means Vermont. I guess the hip thing to do here is go to other states for parties. That explains why the parties on campus suck.

Friday 2:03 P.M.

I borrowed a car from my RA (I told her it was so I could go visit my grandma), and I'm on my way to the VT as it's apparently known. I can't wait. I'll be the coolest frosh on campus when everyone hears I drove all the way to Vermont for this party. Chicks dig dedication like that. Am I expected to bring snacks? Nah, they'll probably have syrup there.

Friday 4:56 P.M.

I've been driving for a couple hours now. It just occurred to me that I don't know where in Vermont the party is. I guess I'll just drive around until I see somewhere with the lights on. It's not that big a state, right?

Friday 5:14 P.M.

My roommate just texted to ask where I am. Should I tell him, or wait for him to see me hanging with the cool kids on my Snapchat Story? Decisions, decisions. I thought about inviting him, but I've seen him get lost on the way to Commons, and I don't want to accidentally end up in New Hampshire.

Friday 5:20 P.M.

I told my roommate I was on my way to the VT (gotta use the lingo), and he got confused. He said he heard my grandma was dying and wanted to make sure I was ok. He also said that he was already at the VT. How did he get there so fast? I'm only halfway across Massachusetts.

Friday 6:15 P.M.

I made it to the VT! It's bigger than I thought. I stopped at Ben & Jerry's for a pick me up. It's getting late. My roommate just sent me a video of the party. It looks pretty fun. I'd better find the right spot soon or I'm going to feel like a real tool.

Saturday 8:00 A.M.

Apparently I was operating under a basic misconception. However, I heard next weekend there's a big party on the Mill bank, and that's only on Long Island.

Found in New Jersey by Mr. Letai '19

THE DUEL OBSERVER

BRIAN PATRICK BURNS

Editor-in-Chief/ Balcony

RACHEL MARIE ALATALO

Editor-out-Chief/ Roof

DIANA SARAH SUDER

Comma Consultant/ Door

STEPHEN FAIN RIOPELLE

Managing Editor/ Floor

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

The Boss

Senior Staff Writers

JAKOB MARTIN KRAFT

Staff Writers

KIRSTY RITA WARREN

LAURA DEANNE WHITMER

ANDREA MARIE DICKMEYER

ANDREW ANTHONY LETAI

AARON CURTIS COLLINS

Contributors

IAN ULYSSES BAIZE

NICOLE LYNN BUIOCCHI

BRIAN JOHN DICKINSON

ROBERT J LANE

Copyeditors

MATTHEW HORN LEBOWITZ

FINE PRINT: The Duel Observer is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

Comments? Email duel@hamilton.edu
Complaints? Or find us on the interweb!
Recipes? <http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/>